HINDSIGHT

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High School Senior to College Freshman: Pandemic Edition

By: Akira

When the ball dropped on New Years 2020, I was with my fellow senior friends, celebrating our final year of high school. We were excited for spring and summer break, senior prom, senior trip, graduation, and all the other things we could look forward to and groan at as we finished our last year at high school. I'm sure my entire class and all the other senior high schoolers around the world were ecstatic to be crossing this point in our lives and ready for the next step, whether that be college or work.

My friends and I were constantly chatting about our ideas for a senior trip and we eventually settled on camping on Assateague Island for a week, an island in Maryland that has horses roaming around. We planned on all going to senior prom and gay prom as a whole group for the memories, even if I didn't want to dress up fancy. Almost every weekend, we were getting together to goof off and tease each other. Colleges were applied to and we were eagerly awaiting results.

I remember near the end of February hearing about

COVID-19 for the first time. Both my friends and family were freaking out about the new disease, but I couldn't understand why. Back in 2014, we had the whole global Ebola freak out, but it was contained easily from what I remember. Any time people started worrying, I just said it'll be like how Ebola turned out: people will freak out about it, we'll get a few cases, and then it'll be dealt with quickly.

Then in March, cases started rising in the United States. March 13th, I woke up to my school's app on my phone with the announcement of "school will be closed for 2 week after today due to the Coronavirus pandemic." I drove my younger sibling to school and we were both a little in shock and a little confused. Our teachers were all scrambling to get lesson plans together, trying to figure out who had internet access at home, not putting a lot of effort into teaching that day.

During my Latin class, another teacher had come in on his own volition as we were discussing what schools were going to do after the two weeks. He started talking about the logistics behind it all and what we should do to protect ourselves and others.

That was also the last day I remember not having to wear a mask out in public. I was probably in a bit of denial or didn't care at that point there was a disease running rampant in the streets, mostly because I didn't want to believe that my year was over before it even really began. My D&D group got together after school and we went to get snacks at Walmart. We had our session and then when I got home my other friend came over and we hung out for a while. When he left, I didn't realize that would be my last interaction with people face to face for a long time.

The two weeks went by in a blur. We weren't supposed to be working on classwork during that time because it was technically replacing our spring break, so my sibling and I would just lounge around on the couch. They would be playing WarFrame religiously while I got back into my knitting hobby and falling into the K-Pop hole. But after those two weeks,

more cases were popping up left and right, so the county decided to close schools down until May. Classes shifted to being taught online. Monday, we got our assignments via our online platform. Tuesday through Friday was time to complete assignments before they were due Friday night. Wednesday and Thursday, we had classes so teachers could go over material and students could ask any questions they had.

It was a strange change for me. I was so used to having my classes be ninety minutes filled with content five days a week that started at 7:45, but when it switched to online, it was only two days of thirty-minute classes at 9:00 on Google Meets. Being home didn't help much in the focus department. There were a lot of late nights working on schoolwork or just reading in bed and waking up late into the afternoon to start my day. There were a lot of video calls between me and my friends in those late nights. If we couldn't see each other in person, we at least could still see each other's faces. A lot of what we were learning I was teaching myself or it was just review. Eventually, I just stopped showing up to classes, partly because of my sleep schedule, partly because my grades were fine. We were approaching May and my friends were all deprived of attention and face-to-face interactions, while I was happily vibing in my room not having to worry about my social battery being drained. I'd go out occasionally to pick up the mail from my grandmother's house or to go on walks with my friends, wearing masks and social distancing. But we were all still hoping we could do prom and our senior trip and graduation.

May hit and our school board announced that they were keeping schools closed for the rest of the year and we wouldn't have finals. I was pretty happy; I wouldn't be spending money trying to get formal wear for prom, having an anxiety attack walking across the stage to get my diploma, or cram studying for my final exams. It was the safest option. My friends on the other hand were distraught at the idea of not having prom or graduation. I remember seeing on the news some seniors protesting to let them still

have graduation and prom and thinking that if they wanted to spread COVID some more, they could.

My school decided to have graduation online still, though. A few days before it, however, YouTube had a whole broadcast for the entire day called Dear Class of 2020 for all the graduating seniors. It was really nice. A whole bunch of creators and musicians got together to congratulate the graduates and celebrate. At least this way, I get to brag that the members of BTS were my commencement speakers.

I didn't get dressed in my gown or anything nice; I just walked out of my room with my cap and pjs on and sat through the livestream. My mom and sibling sat next to me and when it was over, we got Chinese food for dinner. It was really uneventful and a little sad, but we were staying safe. The day after, my friends and I all got together in a friend's backyard to celebrate graduating. We all had packed our caps and gowns to get what pictures we could of us moving up in the world

July, I somehow convinced my mom to let my friends and I camp in my backyard for a week since we couldn't go to Assateague. We were all excited that we could have some sense of normalcy despite COVID running around. So for a week, there was a caravan of tents in my backyard and campfires every night. It was strange all being in the same place at one time again, like we hadn't ever met in person before. There were a lot of stupid jokes and struggles cooking, but it was a lot of fun and really refreshing after not being able to spend a lot of time in person together. At the end, there weren't tears or anything spoken about it, but we were all pretty upset that we would have to part ways again and not be together again for a long time.

After hearing about my acceptance into my first-choice college and knowing my best friend was going to the same school, as soon as we could we filled out our residency forms to be roommates. But as our semester date started closer, the school started closing parts down for fall semester. They were limiting rooms to one per person, but we still

wanted to room together, so we asked and since we live ten minutes away from each other, we got the okay. After that, with cases spiking again, they moved everything online.
We went through orientation online via Zoom meetings and emails. It was just really strange and not what I was expecting. Because we weren't in person, I didn't go to a lot of the events because they were recorded and uploaded afterward. I hadn't really processed that I was going to college or even graduated high school.

Classes started on August 31st. There was no first day of school outfits, no confused navigating to the right building, no getting to know new people before classes. Just one click on a Zoom link and classes began. We'd go over material once a week and get our assignments before completing them.

Despite that, the workload has been manageable save for the mid-semester crunch. Some of the lectures I need to participate in are pre-recorded and I can watch them as many times as I need to so I can process the information. My professors have office hours that we can hop into a Zoom meeting for in case we need to ask questions about anything. There are still tons of papers to write and tests to study for. Presentations were originally challenging to figure out, but my professors found a way to make them work.

Despite being an introvert, I was excited to walk around on campus and join some clubs. I know that at my school they're still hosting some of them, but not being in person took the fun out of them so it's the wait of getting back on campus. Even so, I'd like to think that I've made a few friends in my classes despite the unusual school setting.

Now, we're on the final crunch and registering for our classes next semester. I don't know about other schools, but they're letting some students onto campus for the spring. As much as I'd want to go on campus and actually experience what college is like, I'd much rather be safe and at home during the pandemic than risk being exposed if someone was to catch it. For now,

I'll watch from afar and wait for the next step of my life to happen without COVID-19 in the picture.

Bryce's 2020

By: Bryce

I had a feeling this year would be a bad one when Kobe Bryant died the morning after my 21st birthday celebration. Little did I know, this was all just the start of something so emotionally taxing, socially distanced, and isolated. Since my birthday party I have only seen my friends via Zoom and my family a few times, where we'd met with masks for grocery deliveries (as I'd lost my job and was struggling to pay my rent all summer). All in all, this year has been extremely hard, but the most difficult part for me was the social isolation.

For those who don't know me, I am a pretty introverted person. If I know you and we're close, then I'll be a bit more outgoing and lively-- otherwise, I'm a bit of a social hermit. So, at first, I liked the idea of being quarantined. I enjoyed being able to do school remotely while enjoying some more free time. For the first two or three months, I was genuinely happy. Then summer came along.

In summers past, I've made huge efforts to be home with my parents and siblings, hangout with my

friends, and stay active by going to the gym or playing pick-up basketball-- but none of those things were possible during the pandemic. Not only that, but I couldn't even occupy my time with a job because, well, I got laid off as a paid intern before the summer hit. I literally had nothing to do and nobody to talk to except my dog, Uno. So what does one introverted dude do to help pass the time and stay social in his own little way?

In early May, I realized what the summer was going to look like-- so I decided to do something about it. Rather than sit inside and cry while watching some new Netflix Original, I chose to start streaming video games on Twitch. I had already been playing a ton of video games, but I one day found myself running out of gaming videos on YouTube to watch (ones that weren't freaking Fortnite anyway), so I switched on over to the popular streaming platform. Here I realized the potential of starting my own channel. The games I liked to play were smaller, niche communities and I would be more likely to find people who would want to watch. Plus, there was the whole idea that I could sit down, play my game as usual, and get to potentially INTERACT with other human beings!

One of my favorite content creators always told people in his chat that asked how they should start streaming that they should "just freaking start". Don't overthink, don't go all out with branding and worrying about viewership-- just be you and start streaming.
I did exactly that and will forever be grateful for that advice. Over the course of 5 months, I have just hit 300 followers (kind of a big deal, I know), become an affiliated streamer (aka I can make monetize my content), and most importantly I have grown a small community of online friends from all over the world that I can socialize with. Yeah, I get it. I'm the typical introvert with online penpals, but so what?

I took a drastic situation that was once filled with loneliness, depression, and despair and was able to turn it into something that has totally changed my life.
No, I haven't thrown every-

ing full-time. I simply play my video games, interact on Discord/Twitter with my new friends, and have built something from the ground up that I can use to boost my career in media production (or at least I tell myself that). The moral of my story is this-- even in the worst of times, there is potential for something great. The trick is, you have to look.

Sophia's Old Life: In Memoriam

By: Sophia

Sophia's Old Life
2016-2020

My life quietly ended on March 13, 2020. It was a Friday. I was set to have the closing night of my sketch show at Second City, a show I felt I had been working towards for years. Producers were going to be there. The following Monday was my audition for the SNL showcase at iO Theater, another moment that I had spent years preparing for. If I had gotten through that audition, which lets be honest I'm hilarious and great under pressure, I would have auditioned for Lorne Michaels himself. Instead, I received a text message that Friday from the sketch show director that Second City had closed its doors for two weeks. Nine months later, those doors still remain closed.

iO was still open but I knew it wouldn't be for long. I was a waitress there as well and wanted to get as much money as I could before the impending lockdown, so I picked up a shift and headed into what I didn't know would be my last shift there. The entire night we made Corona jokes and toasted to two weeks off from serving the entitled and rude customers who were almost always from the suburbs. At the end of the night, we all got drunk together one last time. I wish I'd stayed lon-

ger. I wish I'd ordered one more drink, listened to one more song, had one more last laugh with my friends. We all said goodbye that night, confident we would all be back together in two weeks, laughing and sneaking drinks with our manager between Improvised Shakespeare shows.

I've seen two of those people since March. I went from seeing the same people nearly every day, getting to laugh, create and sometimes even cry with them multiple times a week, now I doubt if I'll ever see half of them again. I wish, more than anything, that I knew that on March 13. I wish more than anything to be able to say goodbye and thank them for enriching my life for so many years. iO no longer exists now. The story is too long to tell but I found out I no longer had a job and the theater was closing on Instagram. I lost everything I had been building and working towards for years on a social media app, posted by someone who doesn't even work at the theater. I cried for days. I felt lost and completely alone. I thought I would have to leave the city, never to see my comedy family again. I pictured myself moving back to my hometown to live with my parents at 26 years old. I felt like a sad Hallmark movie.

Before the pandemic I had a weekly variety show at iO with my all female improv team Cool Aunt, a sketch show at Second City with my writing mentor and best friend, a Harry Potter fan fiction sketch show and corresponding Pop-Up bar that I ran and hosted, I wrote for a satire comedy magazine and got payed to hang out with my friends. Life was good. Life was real. It was hard sometimes but it still felt like life.

Now, I'm back at the college that I dropped out of five years ago, staring at my computer all day, writing a thesis paper and trying not to get seasonal depression on top of my actual depression. I feel unbelievably lucky to be finishing my degree this year, a blessing I know not everyone could do during a global pandemic, but I feel like I'm just filling time. I didn't want to lose a year of my life but I look in the mirror and feel older than I should. I feel aged

and weathered by stress and frustration at the country that's trapped me inside it's dumpster fire society. I feel like I've gone through a time loop, as if the last five years of my life didn't happen but I aged just the same. This hasn't been easy for anyone and it's a process working my way back to thankfulness. I felt angry for so long this year. Anger is like mud, you step in it, sinking down easily but once you're in, it creates a vacuum, trapping you inside and sucking you down further the longer you sit in it.

I still feel loss but it's less material now. I miss my old life but I miss my friends more than the routine I had grown accustomed to. I miss laughing with them the most. I'm crying as I write this because the loss is so great and still so raw. I've learned to hold people closer, to cherish them and the time spent in their orbit. As a lonely planet, so far from the sun now, what I would give for a fleeting moment, passing my friends and the space I once inhabited. I have hope for my life, I've set myself up well for when the world opens back up again, but I doubt it will ever feel like a life that belongs to me. It was my second choice, the JV pick for what I wanted for my life. I mourn the person and the life I had last year but all I, or any of us, can do is look to the future now and try to make it a better place to exist.

To end on a happier, more hopeful note, a reading from Lord of The Rings to close out my funeral.

"It's all wrong
By rights we shouldn't even be here.
But we are.
It's like in the great stories Mr. Frodo.
The ones that really mattered.
Full of darkness and danger they were,
and sometimes you didn't want to know the end.
Because how could the end be happy.
How could the world go back to the way it was when so much bad happened.
But in the end, it's only a passing thing, this shadow.
Even darkness must pass.
A new day will come.
And when the sun shines it will shine out the clearer.
Those were the stories that stayed with you.
That meant something.

Even if you were too small to
understand why.
But I think, Mr. Frodo, I do
understand.
I know now.
Folk in those stories had lots
of chances of turning back
only they didn't.
Because they were holding
on to something." - Samwise
Gamgee

So, here lies my old life, may
she rest in peace and may
she never be forgotten.
Amen and Hail Satan cause
honestly, who knows whose
in charge at this point.

Looking on the Brightside... Or Trying To

By: Savannah

I had it all planned out. It's the start of the new decade and I was ready to embrace change. I had spent the previous year putting immense work in myself. I built up my happiness and confidence to levels it had never before reached. I was ready to start the new decade as essentially a new me and was ready to start to cross the threshold into adulthood.

A change of plans late last year required me to cancel my spring 2020 plans to study in France and postpone it to the summer, and I moved back into an apartment owned by the university. I was ready to move on my own, though. I had it all worked out, I would find an apartment by the end of the semester, go to France for a month, come back and move into my own place, and work full time. I was going to take a road trip over the summer. I was going to travel Europe when my France program ended.

I started my apartment search. I began trying to plan my European excursion.

I remember when they first sent the email that we were closing a week

after spring break. I was sitting in the Commons with my friend and we were laughing, cracking jokes, calling it a Corona-cation. We were so sure that the world was overreacting and that this virus scare would be over within a few weeks. At that time, they were still going to keep dorms open, which was good for me because I was scheduled to work 40 hours over spring break.

Every day was a new email with a new change. It only took two days for them to decide they were sending everyone home. We had to up and leave within two days, but we were told we would probably be back in two weeks. I had to tell my boss that I couldn't work those 40 hours, leaving them in a lurch because I was being displaced. I had to go to Maryland to stay with my family. I only took a suitcase of clothes and my school supplies, leaving most of my books and everything else because I figured we would be back.

2020 is rapidly coming to a close (thank god) and the virus I joked about back in early March is still running rampant. I never went back to in-person classes. I still haven't seen some of the classmates that became familiar faces to me.

I did move into my own apartment. It took a while to find, but after finishing the Spring 2020 semester, I knew I could not stay in Baltimore. Whether school was open or not, I was too used to being self-sufficient to stay with my family.

I went back to my job at PetSmart and worked full-time, but it was so taxing on my mental health. I had always relatively liked that job, but when I returned in July, everything was different. We were under-staffed, lines wrapped around the back of the store, people were rude and impatient, and

we struggled to enforce the mask mandate. I had never really had a problem with the customers. Of course, there were a few bad ones, but overall all the pet owners were relatively kind. Not anymore. Finding a kind and patient customer became an anomaly. As if it couldn't get worse, the coin shortage hit, and we could no longer take cash if people didn't have exact change. That pissed people off beyond belief (though everyone has a card nowadays, people just want someone to take their anger out on).

I always felt lucky that my shitty college retail job was not that shitty, I had good managers, I was friends with my coworkers, and loved working with the animals and animal owners. Over the summer, the job became something I dreaded, yet I had rent to pay and needed to stick it out.

I feel robbed of my senior year. It is my last year on this campus, with my friends and professors that I've grown close to over the last three years. I don't know if I'll be able to see them in person next semester. I don't know if I'll get to present my thesis in person. I don't know if I'll be able to walk across the stage and get my diploma, the thing that makes all the stress and breakdowns worth it, in front of my friends and family. I expect none of those things will happen normally.

This year has tested me beyond belief. The stress. The loneliness. The struggle of working. Studying. Relaxing. All of these activities happen in a small one bedroom apartment. Trying to balance enjoying my last year of college and watching out for my health and the health of others. There was the election.

But I find that in these times, it's important to celebrate the little things. I got my own apartment.

I'm finishing the semester strong. I got an internship. I was accepted into the International Honor's Society. Despite the stress, my mental health held up and I did not relapse into my old anxious and depressive tendencies. I kept my job, and while it's still fairly stressful, it could be a lot worse and I feel lucky to have it. The people I love have stayed safe and healthy.

There are things I will never take for-granted again. Things like spending time with my family and friends. Going to target. Working with nice customers. Eating out, celebrating holidays, shopping... everything is different now. Every activity outside of my own apartment is with slight anxiety.

Times are tough and everyone is being tested. I've learned the true importance of self-care, as long as it's done safely. Read a book, watch a movie, whatever it is that makes you happy. Don't expect yourself to be as productive as you normally would be. Go easy on yourself and others. And be kind. Everyone is struggling, simply being kind to the people around you will make another's day.

An Ode to My Greatest Friend

By: Katie

2020 has been a hard year for everyone. Except my cat, that is.

I've had my cat, Kali, since I was about 9 or so, and she's getting to be an old girl (about 13 years old). While I was growing up, my household went through a lot of changes including losing an integral family member and gaining a new one (who also brought new dogs). My cat does not like dogs. She really is meant to be the sole ruling animal of the household. Anyways. I took care of her until I went away to college a little more than three years ago. At that time my brother took over the role of cuddle-giver. She's spent those few years only seeing me on select weekends, holiday and summer breaks, and any weird time I had before or after being abroad (I'm a senior now).

This year, I planned to move to an off-campus apartment with my best friend and we hoped to find a place that would allow cats. However, I never really knew how much I needed her until I was forced to come home from my abroad semester in Australia in March of 2020. This semester was one that I'd

worked, saved, planned, and dreamed about since I was a child. I'd spent so much money, time, and put so much thought into what I was going to do and learn while I was there, plus all the friends I would make. But apparently, it was not meant to be. Only 4.5 short weeks after arriving, my university pulled the plug on my semester and required me to come home, and give up a dream. Needless to say, I was devastated.

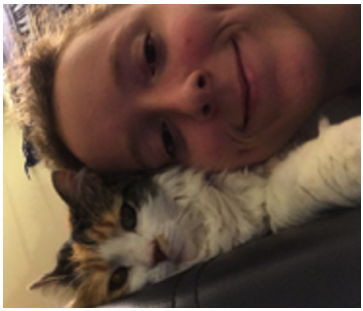
I've struggled with my mental health before, but the months following my hasty return to the United States were the worst months I've ever experienced. But every night I spent crying myself to sleep or entire day I spent in bed, Kali was there. She'd come and find me and do her little 'are you okay?' noise, hop up into my bed with me. She'd stay there for hours, often until I fell asleep or finally found the motivation to get out of bed.

Those months showed me how much I really needed her. She was my support, my serotonin when I couldn't make it myself. A lot of people scoff when people call their pets an emotional support animal (ESA), but for me, that's really what she is.

When I finally got professional help, one of the first things they did was certify Kali as my ESA, meaning that she could literally go wherever I went housing-wise. She isn't allowed to go with me to the grocery store and restaurants and such like a service animal, but she can live with me wherever I go. Since then, she's been with me almost every day.

In August, my best friend and I moved out of our

parent's homes into our own apartment. Of course, Kali came with me. I was nervous because she'd never left my parent's house before, never traveled for a long time in the car (the drive is three or more hours), and never had to adapt to this kind of change.



It seems though, that this move has made her the happiest she has ever been. There are no dogs to terrorize her (my dad had gotten a puppy my junior year of college and they did NOT get along), no steps for her to go up and down (she's old and it's getting harder for her to move around), and she's the sole focus of my roommate and I's attention. She's never gotten more constant attention than she does living with us, and she's so happy. She plays, chirps to us, and waddles all over the apartment.

While I'm doing much better mentally, I still struggle. COVID-19 continues to cancel plans and force us inside, but she is always there. 2020 may have been a terrible year, but moving out with my best friend (oh, and my roommate too) might have made it the best year for her, and I am so grateful to her. To my ride-or-die, I'll do whatever it takes to keep your life full and happy. You're literally my walking dose of serotonin and I am forever grateful.

2020: Miraculously a Good Year

By: Austin Smith

When 2020 started, I was not in a good position. I had been studying abroad in London and had to make my reluctant journey home after the end of semester. I was moving away from all my friends and back to a place I have been trying desperately to leave for as long as I could remember.

It was disappointing leaving everything I had invested myself in behind, but I was rather optimistic. I knew that in a semester, I would be back at it again travelling around on more university programs. I was even excited to meet up with the few friends I did have back in the United States.
I roomed up with one of these friends and, in short, this friend was abusive towards me and I had to leave as soon as I could.

Being that I shared most of my friends with this person, I had a hard time readjusting to life stateside after that. I was able to hold up some friendships here and there, but I struggled keeping up after what I had been through.

I spent a lot of nights alone, walking around

campus at night, straining my lungs to relieve my stress, trying to just get back to a stable spot in life. I did however work hard at getting myself out of that spot.

I tried enjoying the time I had with myself more and pushed myself to meet more people. As I kept fighting on that front, I eventually got out of a rather strong rut. I ended up making a few more friends, I started to write music and in general, I was feeling happier with myself.

On a trip to see my family one weekend, I met my current partner. We ended up connecting really quickly and I found myself spending more and more weekends at home.

When the news started coming in about the virus spreading, I was excited because that meant that I was moving back home, closer to her. We ended up moving in together during lockdown so that we would be able to see each other. Ever since then, we've only gotten closer.

Moving in together after a month of knowing each other is one of those things that only Covid-19 would prompt me to do, but I would say it has worked out great for us. In the first month of lockdown, we spent our days cooking together and binging Game of Thrones on the couch. We covered ourselves in blankets the whole time and loved every minute of it.

We even ended up saving my Nonna from a fire that happened at her house. True story, but not as dramatic as it sounds. Throughout the lockdown, my partner and I have grown inseparable. We went on many covid-safe adventures together from our walks on the beach to trying to watch the SpaceX launch together (which the weather unfortunately obscured).

In all the time we were able to spend together at home, we started to bring date night in. We added to our culinary repertoire; making more foods that we would otherwise order out. From that, we also had a unique opportunity to share some dishes from our cultural heritage (exchanging gulasz for satay).

In the kitchen, we did have to work through some problems. Negotiated order has never been my strong suit and we learned quickly that we had to establish roles in the kitchen. Eventually, we were able to work out the kinks and not fumble over each other.

While covid has made our relationship rather unorthodox, I am glad to say that we have had a lot of time to bond despite the end of the world. I think that being able to spend more time with her and my family has been a great turnaround from the beginning of the year.

I had a rough year leading into Covid-19 and I feel that because of it, I was able to bounce back better than before. While I am starting to feel the burnout from attending ZoomU and from not being able to do most of the things I love to do, I think that things have turned out for the better for me.

I was prepared for major changes coming back to the US, so it is hard to say Covid-19 changed my situation much. I was already limited in who I was able to see. Moving in with my partner actually made me see more of other people. Everyone talking to each other online even made it easier for me to stay in touch with my friends I met overseas.

Looking back on how lucky I have had it this year, all I can do now is hope that next year, my luck decides to do a repeat.

My Declassified Pandemic Survival Guide

By: Kenzie

2020 has been a garbage fire of a year. From March until August, I lived in Douglassville, Pennsylvania (essentially the middle of nowhere) with my parents, younger siblings, and two dogs. At the start of quarantine, I had tons of spare time on my hands. I consumed many books, movies, and snacks during lockdown and have compiled an extensive list of them below. It's my hope that this will serve as a time capsule that I can look back on whenever this nightmare ends.

Books:

- The Woman in the Window by A.J. Finn
- Red, White & Royal Blue by Casey McQuiston
- Such a Fun Age by Kiley Reid
- My Year of Rest and Relaxation by Ottessa Moshfegh
- Lady in the Lake by Laura Lippman
- City of Girls by Elizabeth Gilbert
- Conversations with Friends by Sally Rooney
- Wow, No Thank You by Samantha Irby
- Everything I Know About Love by Dolly Alderton

- Queenie by Candice Carty-Williams

Movies:
- Lady Bird (2017)
- The Wedding Planner (2001)
- Mamma Mia! (2008)
- Judy (2019)
- My Best Friend's Wedding (1997)
- Rocketman (2019)
- The Queen (2006)
- Bombshell (2019)
- Notting Hill (1999)
- A Simple Favor (2018)

TV Shows:
- The Great British Baking Show
- Buffy the Vampire Slayer
- Big Little Lies
- Criminal Minds
- The Crown
- Chopped
- Pose
- The Office
- Normal People
- Shrill

Albums:
- Fine Line by Harry Styles
- Blonde by Frank Ocean
- Rumours by Fleetwood Mac
- Wasteland, Baby! by Hozier
- Fetch The Bolt Cutters by Fiona Apple
- Goodbye Yellow Brick Road by Elton John
- Joanne by Lady Gaga
- The Dark Side of the Moon by Pink Floyd
- Coming Home by Leon Bridges
- Cheap Queen by King Princess

Snacks:
- Pirate's Booty
- Angie's Sweet & Salty Kettle Corn
- Asian Trail Mix from Aldi
- Butter Toffee Pretzels from Trader Joe's
- Babybel Cheese
- Stacy's Cinnamon Sugar Pita Chips
- Snyder's Honey Mustard and Onion Pretzel Pieces
- Dark Chocolate Peanut Butter Cups from Trader Joe's
- Original Pringles
- Cheddar Chex Mix
- Chocolate Chip Banana Bread

Drinks:

- Dunkin' Iced Coffee
- Lemon La Croix
- Raspberry White Claw
- Cinnamon Roll Premier Protein Shake
- Mango Green Tea
- GT's Original Kombucha
- Deschutes Fresh Squeezed IPA
- Cool Blue Gatorade
- Almond Milk
- Water

Self Care Activities:

- Yoga
- Naps
- Hikes
- Journaling
- Meditating
- Writing snail mail
- Baking
- Calling loved ones
- Lying in the sun
- Reading

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